Name One Hero Who Was Happy

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Name One Hero Who Was Happy

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Summary

After everything they'd been through – encephalitis and jail and sending proxy killers and the kitchen and Abigail and Florence and Muskrat Farms and the Great Red Dragon – after all of that, Will Graham didn't think there was anything left that Hannibal Lecter could break.

He was wrong.

After everything they'd been through – encephalitis and jail and sending proxy killers and the kitchen and *Abigail* and Florence and Muskrat Farms and the Great Red Dragon – after all of that, Will Graham didn't think there was anything left that Hannibal Lecter could break.

He was wrong.

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Killing the Dragon didn't solve all of their problems overnight, no matter how hard Will wished that it did. Hannibal was still Hannibal, and cruelty was his first language, which meant that for everything breakthrough – for every dragging step towards a complete reconciliation – there were barbs ready to be deployed at the first sign of vulnerability. And Will – Will was tired. Tired of reaching in and scraping out what was left of his heart and giving it without ever really knowing how it would be received. The only thing he hadn't submitted for Hannibal's perusal and judgment – the only part of him that hadn't surrendered yet – was his desire for sexual intimacy.

Because he did desire it. He'd desired it for far longer than he cared to admit to anyone, even himself. (Probably by the time he was in the BSHCI and he knew Hannibal was fucking Alana, definitely by the time he was released and they resumed their game, infuriatingly and painfully desperate to be the one in Hannibal's bed when he ran off with Bedelia, and longingly and miserable for a touch he'd never known during the three years that Hannibal was in jail and Will was alone.) But now they were together, living in Cuba, far removed and physically recovered from their battle with Dolarhyde, and Will still resisted. He *longed*, oh he longed to pull Hannibal close, to spend every part of his day tangled up in Hannibal's sheets, but he couldn't do it.

Because this was the last piece of himself that he could give to Hannibal, the last leap of faith he needed to make. But the past had taught him that everything he gave Hannibal would be met with pain of every possibly variety – physical, mental, emotional, spiritual. And even though they'd had their one glorious moment, and they were co-existing peacefully, Will wasn't ready yet. He wanted so desperately to believe that this time would be different, that maybe they were in a place where he could finally trust Hannibal Lecter.

That Hannibal wouldn't hurt him.

And so Will asked for time, time for the both of them to heal, to grow comfortable in the shared vulnerability of the rest of their lives together. To his credit, Hannibal acquiesced.

For five months.

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He found out the way he supposed all spouses who were cheated on did: by the sound of a banging headboard shattering the quiet of their home.

(One of the things Hannibal said he liked about the house was that you could hear what was happening in any room from almost every other room in the house. Will had liked it too, when he could wake up to the sounds of Hannibal cooking in the kitchen, or fall asleep listening to Hannibal play on the refurbished harpsichord they'd bought on their first trip into town.

Will hated it now.)

Thunk thunk thunk

"Yes, God, just like that, *yes*."

His keys fell out of his hand, clinking softly on the hardwood floor.

"*Unh, fuck* -"

He slammed the door loudly behind him, his eyes fixed upon the shadowy hallway which led to their bedrooms.

"Hah, uh, *fuck*, sounds like your roommate's home,*"* a masculine voice he'd never heard spoke.

Hannibal's smoky laugh was his only audible reply. He whispered something too quietly for Will to hear, and the other voice laughed before the sound of the headboard slamming into the wall began again in earnest.

Thunk thunk thunk

Their mutual cries of pleasure echoed down the hall and into the small sitting room by the front door. Will made his way in a daze and sat in his well-loved armchair, blindly grasping for his bottle of whiskey. He heard Hannibal grasp and growl the man's name – "*Jaime"* – and the banging finally stopped.

Will took a swig of the whiskey and just sat there, staring at the unlit fireplace. And he sat, and he stared, and he drank as Hannibal and "Jaime" went for round two. And round three. And when all noise from the bedroom finally ceased, when Will was certain that both men had fallen asleep, only then did he let himself cry.

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He'd somehow managed to pull himself into his own bedroom before passing out, and when he awoke, it was to the sound of Hannibal and his guest talking loudly and laughing in the kitchen. He tried to feel angry; he tried to conjure up some bloodthirst, to entertain the idea of snapping Jaime's neck and pulling Hannibal's beating heart out of his own chest, just so the bastard could know what it felt like, what he'd put Will through *again* –

But Will just felt numb.

(If his heart was a shop, it would be dark, shuttered, with a sign reading *"Out of Business"* hanging loosely on what was left of the rotted front door.)

“Ahh, good morning Patrick,” Hannibal greeted him as he entered the sun-lit room, having hurriedly dressed in the same clothes he’d been wearing the day before. “I’m afraid you missed breakfast, Jaime and myself finished just moments ago.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll finish again soon,” the man Hannibal had named Jaime purred. He was tall, taller than Hannibal even, deeply tanned and in excellent shape, his physique undoubtedly lacking in the many, many scars that decorated Will’s own body. His nose crinkled as he glanced between Will and Hannibal, as if to say to Hannibal *you truly thought you could be satisfied by that?*

“No problem,” Will muttered, making brief eye contact with Jaime before heading over to the sink. “Just here for coffee anyways.”

“We all had a late night last night, didn’t we,” he could hear Jaime murmur teasingly to Hannibal, who chuckled lightly in response.

“That we did.”

Do I want to kill them now? Will asked himself as he rinsed out “his” mug, the only non-matching one Hannibal had allowed in the villa. *No. It’s still a no.*

Why is it still a no?

“Will, I’m going to be spending the weekend with Jaime in Havana proper. Would you be willing to keep an eye on the garden while I’m gone? You know how dry it’s been this year.”

Will shut his eyes, just for a moment, before turning to look at Hannibal. Hannibal’s face had that perfectly-practiced warm expression on it, the one that he reserved for people that he didn’t care all that much about, that he just had to play nice with. He was dressed in a white linen shirt that was almost entirely unbuttoned, showing off his impressive chest hair, and a pair of slacks that seemed to cling to every muscle underneath his waist. In short, he was utterly stunning.

“Yeah.”

Hannibal waited for a moment, as if expecting Will to say something else. Will just dropped his eyes to the terracotta floor. “Have a nice time.”

“Oh, we will,” Jaime purred again. “Come, *bonito,* we have a busy schedule ahead of us.”

“Indeed, we do. Until later, Will. Enjoy your weekend.”

Will looked back over as they left the room, just in time to see Jaime place his hand possessively over the small of Hannibal’s back. They were speaking in Spanish to each other, too quickly for Will to parse out, and the pair dissolved into laughter just as he heard the front door open.

Will stood by the sink, waiting as the front door swung shut.

Waiting as Hannibal’s car roared to life and drove away, away from the villa.

Away from Will.

He stood there as the shadows grew on the kitchen floor, as the sun peaked and began its descent.

He stood there until his eyes blinked and the time read 5:00.

Then, he sat.

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It was dark before Will finally snapped himself out of the black hole his mind had been floating in all day. The only reason he did finally come back to himself was because he could no longer ignore his parched throat. He stood up, poured himself some water in his mug, and drank the entire thing. And then he sat some more, waiting, just in case Hannibal came back home.

Hannibal didn't come back home.

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It was 4:00 in the morning when he finally made the call.

"*I didn't expect to hear from you."*

"I didn't expect to be making this call." Will sat, slumped against the kitchen cabinets, his eyes locked firmly onto the ceiling.

"*Trouble in paradise*?"

Can I even muster up a pity laugh? No, no I can't.

"I need a plane."

Margot Verger was silent on the other end of the phone. "If I helped you out and he *found out* - "

"Margot. Please."

Silence again. "It's that bad, huh?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it is."

"Shit." She broke away from the phone for a few moments, her voice muffled. "I can get you fake documents and a first-class ticket out of Varadero in twelve hours. Is that enough time?"

"That's perfect."

"It'll be under Carlos Gomez at baggage claim. Where to?"

This time, Will managed to huff out a laugh. "Anywhere."

“Will. Is everything okay?”

No. No, it’s not.

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Twelve hours. He only had to be in the villa for twelve more hours.

He tried to get a bit of sleep. Tried, and failed, hearing the sound of Hannibal’s moans every time he closed his eyes. When his alarm finally rang at noon, he resigned himself to just being exhausted and started to think about what he needed to pack.

Honestly? It wasn’t much. He’d left everything he’d had behind when he agreed to follow Hannibal – hell, he’d even left his *dogs*. And after the Dragon, there hadn’t exactly been time to grab any mementos. That had been okay at the time, though, because he had Hannibal.

He didn’t anymore.

(But maybe he never really had Hannibal in the first place.

Maybe Hannibal just wanted to see what Will would do.)

In terms of his current abode, there wasn’t much there that he’d purchased or even picked out. The villa itself was mostly furnished to Hannibal’s taste, and the last thing he wanted was to carry around some memento of Hannibal after –

Sounds like your roommate’s home.

I know.

So, he really didn’t have to pack that much. He just shoved whichever clothes were clean into the hiking backpack he’d bought a couple of months ago along with the cards he’d need to prove ownership of his offshore accounts. His toothbrush and comb went in there as well. The only non-essential items he allowed himself to pack were his mug (which he wrapped in his other clean flannel), a pen and a notebook that he stole from Hannibal’s library.

(But not before he wrote Hannibal a note, which he left leaning against the sheet music on Hannibal’s harpsichord.)

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All I wanted was time. Time for us to prove to each other that things could be different, that <u>we</u> could be different. That we could heal each other instead of hurt. That when we finally came together, it could be in the knowledge that the past was truly in the past. After everything we’ve been through – after everything <u>you</u> put me through – I didn’t just want that, I <u>needed</u> that. And if you truly were my partner, you would have respected that.

I guess I got my answer. God, I wish it was a different one.

Perhaps it was foolish thinking the teacup could ever come back together. I guess it doesn't really make a now though, does it? We've still just ended up shattered.

And it's much easier to glue a broken teacup back together than it is to mend a broken heart.

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"Name?"

"Carlos Gomez."

"Ahh, yes, Mister Gomez." A woman with dark hair handed over an envelope. "You'll be at Gate C, Flight 32."

"Gracias." Will nodded and made his way to the security checkpoint she indicated. He fished open the manila envelope was he walked: one Canadian passport for Jonah Anderson, ticket information for a non-stop flight to Paris, followed by a connecting flight to Calais, France (why Calais, Will had no idea, but this was Margot's dime and he was just rolling with it), and a smaller envelope that contained ten thousand dollars.

Security went by surprisingly quickly, and soon he was sitting outside his gate, waiting for the call for First Class (which Margot had splurged on, bless her).

He drew out his cell phone as he waited. No calls or texts from Hannibal (not that he'd expected any; Hannibal was bullheaded whenever he was trying to make a point, and whatever he was trying to accomplish with Jaime wasn't an exception to that.) Still, he wrote down Hannibal's number and the number that Margot gave him for "emergencies only" in his notebook and then snapped the phone in half.

"Flight 32 to Paris, Premiere Seating is now boarding. Please make your way to the terminal door and have your tickets ready."

Will swung his backpack over his shoulder as he stood, his eyes keeping watch on the hallway leading towards the center of the airport *just in case*.

Nothing, just a sea of strangers, looking for their own flights. No flash of graying-blonde hair. No crooked smile, no unbuttoned linen shirt, nothing.

"Enjoy your flight, Mr. Anderson," the short, mustachioed ticket-checker smiled at Will.

"Thanks."

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Will settled into his seat. He was right in front of the plane, seated next to the window. His eyes stayed glue to the airport as the other passengers boarded, as the tunnel was finally disconnected, as the plane began taxing down the landing strip and it finally sunk in.

It was over.

“Would you like some earbuds, sir?” A flight attendant – Joan, her nametag proclaimed – interrupted his musings. He looked at her briefly; black hair in a tight pony-tail, smiling blue eyes.

“Please.”

She dropped the small vacuum-sealed bag into his hands and continued down the aisle. The pilot began to speak, announcing the estimated flight time and conditions, and Will plugged the plastic headphones into the monitor on the seat in front of him.

“ - turn all cell phones onto airplane mode - ”

He flipped his way through the available music stations before settling on one titled “Contemporary Hits.”

(Anything was better than the silence that he would surely know soon enough.)

Warm guitars began strumming in his ears. Will leaned back and shut his eyes, wading into the stream as the plane began its ascent into the heavens.

Can the killer in me

Tame the fire in you?

I know there's something waiting for us

I am sick of the chase

But I'm stupid in love

And there's nothing I can do

High up in the air, Will Graham finally fell asleep.

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